# THE MASTER MIND OF EUROPE GONE DOWN TO DEATH

**Prince Otto Von Bismarck-Schoenhausen, the Greatest Man of the Present Century Quiety Passes Away at His Rural Home in the Fatherland.**

**PASSING AWAY OF THE PRINCE LIKE THE SETTING OF THE SUN**

**Sketch of the Life of the Foremost Statesman, the Most Successful Diplomatist and the Most Original Governor of the Present Century.**

BERLIN, Aug. 1.—Prince Bismarck died at his home at Friedrichsruhe at 11 o'clock Saturday night. The passing of the great statesman was marked by tragic conditions of the weather. At the time of his death a fierce storm raged along the North Sea and the weather was of almost autumnal cold.

The immediate cause of Prince Bismarck's death was congestion of the lungs.

On Thursday evening an improvement occurred in the Prince's condition, and he was able to appear at the dinner table, drinking champagne and smoking half a dozen pipes of tobacco. His physician, Dr. Schweninger, was so satisfied with his condition that he left for Berlin, with the intention of returning Saturday. Prince Bismarck's condition continued satisfactory throughout Friday and Saturday morning, when he read the papers, talked on politics, and made a characteristic grumble about the small proportion of spirits in his drinking water. Saturday afternoon grave symptoms appeared. Pulmonary oedema set in, and he frequently became unconscious. On Saturday evening the symptoms were aggravated.

Death came easily and painlessly. Dr. Schweninger was able to some extent to lighten the last moments.

The whole family were assembled at the bedside at the time of his death: Dr. Schweninger, Dr. Chrysander, and Baron and Baroness Merck were also present. As no breathing movement or pulse was perceptible for three minutes, Dr. Schweninger declared quietly and simply that the Prince was dead.

Dr. Schweninger telegraphed the news to the Emperor William at Norway. The Prince lies as he used to sleep, in an easy position, with his head slightly inclined to the left. The expression on his face is mild and peaceful.

His last words were: "I thank you, my child," addressed to Countess Von Rantzau, who wiped the perspiration off his forehead.

The funeral service will probably take place either on Tuesday or Wednesday.

### MASTER SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

**Bismarck Described as the Most Successful Statesman of the Century.**

The master spirit of European politics since 1862, the most successful statesman of the century, judged by the magnitude of the work he accomplished and the firm, consolidated condition in which he leaves all he so forcefully welded together, departs from the scene in the death of Prince Otto von Bismarck-Schonhausen, ex-Chancellor of the German Empire.

When Bismarck came decisively upon the broad stage of European politics there was but one towering figure upon it—the Man of Destiny, the Man of December, the French ruler, styled His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. There was a Kaiser in Vienna, a Czar in St. Petersburg, Prussia was a respectable kingdom, whose sovereign was an imbecile. She was strong with gathered, carefully preserved strength. She was moderately prosperous. She had splendid military traditions. But she made no figure before the world, was overborne among the Germans by Austria, and had apparently no mission in the world but to keep down unruly democrats and socialists, who had caught flame from the French revolution of 1848, and to intrigue for this or that small advantage in the German Diet. In twenty years, at the end of three successful wars, the German Empire had arisen. Its builder or fashioner for good or ill was Bismarck.

### MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

The man's stature, like his mind, was large. Force was expressed in every lineament, but he wore his bluffness of manner and his grim frankness of speech as the screen of the defter arts which made him in society a delightful companion and in statecraft a master of the art of deception. He could listen in his early days with patience to the prosings of Prince Metternich, charming the old man with his politeness, while overreaching Metternich and his master. He could catch the imagination of the dreamy plotter of the Tuileries, in 1866, while weaving the web which kept France quiet while he settled with Austria. He was German to the core, but his life-long motto was Prussia first, Germany afterwards. When his great work was accomplished those writers who like to make their heroes creatures of a long-shaped destiny affected to discover in his final achievement the perfection of an unswerving plan pursued for a lifetime. He was audacious. He fought his way onward in the public service of Prussia, and when he became responsible for Prussia, his sole dream was her aggrandizement. He was determined personally to go onward and upward. As he rose new vistas of rule spread before him. Up he clambered, and at every step saw something beyond. What he saw he grasped at; what he clutched he held.

### HIS QUARREL WITH THE KISER.

The chief incident in the later years of Bismarck was his quarrel with the younger Emperor William. His resignation was made public March 17, 1890. He departed from Berlin on March 29.

Immediately upon William's ascent of the throne he proceeded to put into practice as far as he could the designs which he had brooded over while Crown Prince. His theory of government was a curious mixture of belief in the divine right of kings and paternal administration. He could brook no opposition to his plans. This was made clear by one of his after-dinner speeches, in which he said: "My course is the right one, and it shall be steered," and "I will crush every one who opposes me in my work."

The Emperor could not bear to have any one about him who was not entirely subservient to his will. Bismarck had no sympathy with the theory of government implied in the acts of the Emperor. To him it seemed a departure from the form it had taken under Emperor William I., and unconstitutional, and he firmly opposed any encroachment on the constitutional rights of the people, and the Emperor with equal firmness insisted on the new course. Bismarck had to go.

### DEFENDING HIS POSITION.

Here are Bismarck's own words on the point at issue:

"The essence of constitutional monarchy," he said, "under which we live, consists in the co-operation of the monarch's will with the convictions of the people ruled. . . . I never was an absolutist, and shall least of all become such in my old age."

The veteran continued to defend himself and his ideas vigorously in interviews, speeches and the newspapers. Then Chancellor von Caprivi was instructed to say to the German Ministers at foreign courts that no weight was to be attached to Bismarck's utterances, and that "His Majesty distinguishes between Bismarck formerly and now."

### BISMARCK'S LIFE.

**Chronicle of the Doings of the Great Chancellor.**

Count Otto Edward Leopold Prince von Bismarck-Schoenhausen was born at Schoenhausen, Prussia, on April 1, 1815.

He was educated at Gottengen, Berlin, and Greifswold, and ended by studying law, at which profession he practised.

He was appointed Lieutenant in the Landwehr, and became a member of the Diet of Saxony in 1846. He became a member of the general Diet on the year following.

He began his diplomatic career when he was appointed Prussian secretary of the Legation at Frankfurt.

In 1852 he was sent to Vienna, and soon manifested a political hostility to Austria, and a desire to create a large political importance for Prussia.

In 1858 a pamphlet was published which was called "Prussia and the Italian Question." Bismarck is generally credited as being the author of this pamphlet. In it he advocates an alliance between Russia, Prussia and France.

From 1859-62 he was an ambassador to Russia. In 1862 he was sent on a special mission to France, and had conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor by Napoleon III.

In September, 1862, he was appointed Minister of the King's House and Minister of Public Affairs. Within one month he began to manifest that "iron will" with which he directed affairs in peace and war. He at once instituted a reactionary policy, and when the Chamber of Deputies rejected the Budget which the Upper House had passed, Bismarck had the deputies dissolved. He then announced that he would enforce the measures without their aid. The newspapers protested, and the editors of them were put in jail. Every one who opposed him was made to feel that they were opposing a master whose enmity was most undesirable.

In 1863 the deputies reported that Bismarck had violated the constitution.

In February, nothing daunted, the King, by Bismarck's advice, made a secret treaty with Russia. Another vote of censure was passed. No opposition swerved him, and it seems altogether probable that the acquiescence of the King in the arbitrary development of Bismarck's policy at this time was based on the assurance that the ultimate object was the unification of all Germany.

In 1864 the war against Denmark, in which Austria had co-operated with Prussia, led to a revelation of the past, and Bismarck speedily emerged from general disfavor and became very popular in the German state.

Bismarck believed that the union of the German states which he meditated would be impossible with Austria in it. So he made war on Austria in 1866. Austria was defeated and retired.

Then the immediate result was the annexation of Hanover, Hesse, Holstein and other German states, the garrisoning of the free town of Frankfurt by Prussian troops; treaties of peace and alliance between Prussia, Baden, Bavaria, and Wurtemburg, with the provision that in case of war the King of Prussia should be commander of the allied army and the formation of the North German confederation.

Bismarck was then created a count.

Then came the Franco-German war. France became alarmed at the growing power of Germany, and when it was suggested that Leopold of Germany should be King of Spain, France objected. Germany withdrew the name of Leopold, but the war went on.

Bismarck directed the war, and it was due to his energy that it was closed so quickly. With the surrender of Napoleon III. and occupation of Paris by the Germans the war closed.

The result of the war was that Alsace and Lorraine was ceded to Germany, and in presence of the Kings of France at Versailles, on January 18, 1871, Wilhelm was recognized as the Emperor of Germany.

In home affairs Bismarck had trouble with the Roman Catholic Church. He demanded that they should not encroach on the right of the state. Many Jesuits were expelled from Germany, and priests who disobeyed were sent to prison. Later on the difficulty was settled, and Bismarck was decorated by the Pope with the Order of Christ.

In 1878 Bismarck presided over the Congress of Berlin to settle the treaty of San Stefano. Subsequently he aimed:—

To found a colonial empire:

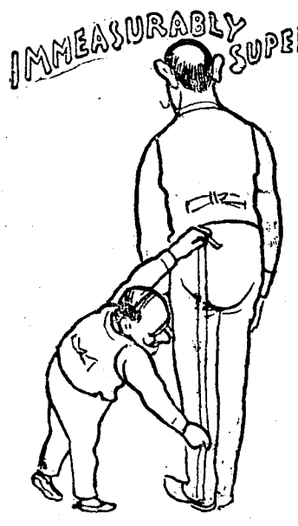
To counteract the work and influence of the social democrats by establishing a kind of state socialism:

To strengthen the Austria-German alliance;

To prevent an alliance between Russia and France.

When the present Emperor assumed the reins of office he maintained that Bismarck had usurped some of the prerogatives of the monarch, so Bismarck retired.




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## THE CIRCUS PARADE.

**Big Crowds Witness a Very Creditable Procession—The Show Well Patronized Despite the Weather.**

The circus parade brought a touch of color into a grey day. The members of the parade were a little draggled, but the big crowds that lined the kerb made allowance for the humidity of the atmosphere and appreciated.

It is to be noted, by the way, that a trifle like bad weather can't keep the crowd from viewing a circus or a circus parade.

It was not only children and rural excursionists who stood out in the drizzle and waited patiently until the elephants came along. There were prominent cititzens and fathers of families, and the same proportion that I have noted before held good to-day—there were at least five grown-up people taking care of each child.

A large number of our colored citizens viewed the spectacle this morning, and will doubtless take in the wild beast show and the ring performance this afternoon and to-night. It is very lucky that a circus happens along on such a muggy Emancipation Day.

The parade made a very creditable cortege as it paced down Yonge street about noon. There was the usual number of strident brass bands, discoursing lively music, not to mention the shrill calliope, which plays everything with savage emphasis, and a fife and drum band, which made up for a paucity of numbers by its great vigor in execution. The bandsmen left their uniforms in the wardrobes because of the weather, but do not our own Kilties do the same thing, and keep their ostrich bonnets safe from the elements? There was also a calithumpian band, mounted on mules, which was very popular with a rout of small boys.

Of course the wagon could not be expected to glitter on a morning like this, but the gilt was there, and the florid painting, and no doubt on a sunny day they make a gorgeous picture. The lady cavaliers, who will jump through hoops and perform all sorts of evolutions in the haute ecole, hid their spangles under mackintoshes, as did also the dashing bareback riders, who said nothing but chewed tobacco.

The beautiful and buxom lady of ancient Rome, who drove a four-horse chariot, was also equipped with goloshes and a waterproof.

### UNION JACK AND OLD GLORY.

Uncle Sam drove a pony team elaborately decorated with the Union Jack and Old Glory. He was a very affable fellow, indeed, and responded amicably to all comments on the war with Spain. After the ornamental wagons came a string of closed cages, from which it may be inferred that the circus has a very fair menagerie.

A few of the cages were open, and the wild beasts were seen, in company of their trainers. The restless leopards and the treacherous wolves seemed to suffer from the heat. One old leopard made a hit, at the corner of King and Yonge streets. He stretched his paw through the bars and filched a straw hat off a bald-headed man. The bald-headed man thanked God audibly that the ravenous animal did not take his scalp with it. The lion tamer had an easy time of it. His ferocious pets were fast asleep for nearly the whole parade. The lady snake charmer had her proteges wrapped in blankets—a thing which any respectable snake ought to kick against in this weather.

A couple of monster bears, a tiger, a sacred bull, and a pair of elephants were other features of the free show. Admiral Dewey, the baby elephant, rode in a cart, and evidently enjoyed the experience. He is a good-natured little fellow, and looks very much like his father, I am told.

The circus is said to present several novel and thrilling features, and doubtless the rainproof tents will be crowded afternoon and evening.

### THE EDITOR IS PLEASED.

Mr. G. D. Scott, editor of the Waverley Magazine, a high-class Boston weekly, is at the Rossin house. Mr. Scott is returning from a trip to the Pacific via the C. P. R. He was greatly impressed with the magnitude of the railroad, the courteousness of the officials and the beauty of the scenery. He compares Kicking Horse Pass with Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite, as one of nature's showplaces.

## HIS GRACE'S OBSEQUIES

**The Program as Prepared Today by the Clergy of the Diocese.**

**FUNERAL TO-MORROW NIGHT.**

**Body to Lie in State in the Cathedral From Tuesday Night Till Thursday Morning.**

Arrangements were made this morning for the obsequies of the late Archbishop Walsh at a meeting of the clergy of the diocese.

The body will remain at St. John's Grove until 7.30 Tuesday evening.

It will be then removed to the Cathedral, escorted by the Catholic societies and the religious bodies of the city on foot.

The route of the funeral procession will be from Sherbourne to Wellesley, along Wellesley to Jarvis, down Jarvis to Shuter, along Shuter to Bond.

The clergy will act as pall-bearers.

The remains will lie in state in the Cathedral, with a guard of the uniformed Knights of St. John, from Tuesday night till Thursday, and during that time the church will be open to the public.

At 10.30 on Thursday there will be a funeral mass, Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton, officiating.

Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, has been invited to preach.

The remains of the late Archbishop will be then interred in the Cathedral itself, beneath the altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

## REGRETS FROM U. S.

**President Sorrows at the Death of Prince Bismarck.**

BERLIN, Aug. 1.—The United States Ambassador, Mr. Andrew White, has received the following cable message from Washington: The President charges you to express in the proper official quarter, to the bereaved German nation, and to the family of the deceased statesman, the sorrow which the Government and people of the United States feel in the passing away of the great Chancellor, whose memory will be ever associated with the greatness of the German Empire."

Baron Von Buelow tells the correspondent of the Associated Press that nothing definite regarding Prince Bismarck's funeral will be decided upon until the wishes of Emperor William and the family of the deceased are ascertained.

## WORD FROM BIGGAR.

**Mysterious Disappearance of a Sudbury Man Explained at Last.**

SUDBURY, Aug. 1.—Mr. M. C. Biggar, the well known barrister, who disappeared from here so mysteriously last September, has turned up in San Francisco. When Biggar disappeared it was supposed that he had been drowned in Lake Ramsey, while on a trip to one of the summer resorts to interview a clerk of his office. The lake was searched and dynamite was used to raise the body. Then a cry of foul play was raised, but as nothing was found to support the theory the excitement subsided. Biggar, when seen in San Francisco, said that he had been in the Yukon, and that he was organizing a party for a second trip there. He had made a small fortune.

## YUKON IS DANGEROUS.

**Dutch Harbor is Crowded With Broken Up Steamers.**

VANCOUVER, Aug. 1.—A report just received from Alaska says that the Dutch harbor is crowded with a forlorn-looking lot of steamers. Of the fleet of twenty, which left Seattle to ply on the Yukon, twelve were wrecked at or near Dutch Harbor, and four are on the rocks now, two are ashore, and six others are laid up with broken backs. In each case the machinery is practically all that can can be utilized.

## PEDALED TO HIS DEATH.

**Bicyclist Wheels Over a Bank Into a Watery Grave.**

PETERBORO, Aug. 1.—Mr. Fred Foote, a prominent business man of Peterboro was drowned in Jackson Park here this morning. The unfortunate man was riding in on his wheel, when coming down the hill near the Park he lost control of his pedals and went over the bank into the artificial lake. The body was recovered soon after. The deceased leaves a large family.

### CRUSHED HER FOOT.

LONDON, Ont., Aug. 1.—While a freight train was standing on the G. T. R. across Maitland street Saturday evening, Miss Amy Wheeler, of Milverton, Ont., becoming impatient at waiting attempted to cross between the standing cars. Just as she had climbed on the buffers the cars jerked forward and her foot was caught between the drawheads and terribly crushed. The foot was amputated about the ankle.

### MARTIN THORN EXECUTED.

SING SING, N.Y., Aug. 1.—Martin Thorn was executed at 11.17 this forenoon.

The Garden City brought a big crowd from Whitby, Oshawa and Bowmanville to-day.

## A Fateful Abduction

**By May Agnes Fleming**

The only reply of the countess was a smart cut of her whip, which made the animal bound forward at a rapid gallop.

"Yonder is the moor," said Bess, pointing with her whip. "We must ride slowly now; the ground is treacherous."

They rode forward slowly and cautiously, Bess looking keenly around, lest they should miss the hut of the old woman.

As the old manor came in view, casting its long, dreary shadow over the lonely moor, both paused a moment to contemplate it. Not the least sound or sign of light betrayed that it had occupants.

"What strange old building is that!" asked Lady Danemore, after a pause.

"It is called the Old Moor Manor," replied Bess, with a half shudder, as she gazed on the gloomy pile. "It has been deserted for many and many a year. No one ever passes it, for it is said to be haunted by evil spirits. Our lady protect us!" and Bess crossed herself devoutly.

How little did the speaker dream who were at that moment its occupants!

"Had we not better ride on, madame?" continued Bess, uneasily, as Lady Danemore still remained gazing fixedly at it; "this is such a lonely place, and the night is passing."

The countess started, as if from a dream, and followed Bess in the direction to which she had turned.

"I am afraid we will have trouble in finding the place," remarked Bess, glancing anxiously around. "It is not easily found in daylight, and it will be much more difficult now."

As she spoke, a low clump of stunted spruce met her eye, and, with an exclamation of joy, she started forward, exclaiming:

"Thank Heaven! there it is at last!"

Lady Danemore followed her; and, turning an abrupt angle which concealed it from their view, the home of the Witch of the Moor stood before them.

It was a little low hut, with one window in front, but not a ray of light proceeded from it. All around was as dark and silent as the grave. The stunted trees behind so hid it from view, that one might pass fifty times over the moor, even in broad daylight, without discovering it.

Bess leaped from her horse, and, tying him to a tree, assisted the countess to alight; then approaching the low door, she raised the end of her whip, and rapped loudly.

A low, fierce growl from Death was the only answer they received.

Again Bess raised her whip and rapped, this time louder than before.

Another hoarse growl from Death followed this, accompanied by a hissing sound, and a leap against the door inside, as though of a cat.

"Holy Saints protect us!" exclaimed Bess, quaking with terror.

"Knock again!" said Lady Danemore, impetuously.

Bess obeyed, and the fierce growls of the blood-hound and sharp hisses of the cat, grew absolutely appalling. Suddenly, a footstep was heard, and they heard the shrill, sharp voice of Mother Wail, exclaiming:

"Down Death! Be quiet, Imp. Who's there?"

"What shall I say?" whispered Bess.

"Two women, tell her," replied the countess.

"Only two women," answered Bess, raising her voice.

"And what do 'two women' want this hour of the night?" called the croaking voice of the witch.

"To have their fortunes told," replied Bess, *at a venture*, after waiting in vain for some suggestion by her mistress.

"I don't tell fortunes at midnight," said the old woman, harshly. "You may go home as you came."

"Tell her we will pay her well—she loves money," whispered the lady, hurriedly.

"We will pay you whatever you ask," called Bess, "only let us in."

A moment's silence followed this, as though Mother Wail was deliberating with herself about this new proposal. A moment after, she said:

"How am I to know you are only two women?—you may be deceiving me."

"Indeed I am not. There are only two of us, I assure you," answered Bess.

"Well, I will see. If you are lying, I will set my dog on you and tear you to pieces!"

"Heaven protect us!" ejaculated Bess, in terror.

The sounds of bolts withdrawing now fell upon their ears, and a moment after the door was cautiously opened, and the head of the witch thrust out. Satisfied at length, that they were speaking the truth, she re-entered, and a moment after, appeared with a light, and bade them enter.

As they did so, the huge dog, Death sprang forward, with the evident intention of fulfilling the old hag's threat; while the cat—an enormous black Tom—with eyes like coals of fire, stood in the middle of the floor, its back bristling up, and its fierce eyes glaring like a demon's!

Terrified beyond measure, Bess sprang toward the door, with a shriek of terror.

"He! he! he!" chuckled the old beldame; "you see, my fine ladies, I am not without protectors. Down, Death!"—to the dog—"Keep still, Imp,"—to the cat. "Well, ladies, so you want your fortunes told."

She raised the lamp as she spoke, until its light fell upon them. Lady Danemor had thrown back her hood, and as the old woman's eye fell upon her, she started back, while the lamp nearly fell from her hand.

"Madelene!" she ejaculated, in amazement. "So! the time I have waited for so long has come at last, and Madelene Desbreaux stands again beneath my roof."

There was a malignant smile of triumph on her wrinkled face as she ceased speaking, that completely astonished Bess. She glanced at Lady Danemore, who stood, cold, proud and calm as ever, save that her eyes wandered restlessly round the squalid apartment, as if seeking something in vain. As Mother Wail ceased speaking, she said to her, hurriedly:

"Is there no other room where this young girl can remain for a few moments, I wish to speak with you in private?"

"In private!" repeated the old crone, with a mocking sneer "I thought you came to have your fortune told. Shall I tell you the past or the future, Madelene? He! he! he!"

There was something almost demonical in the look of triumph with which she regarded the countess, who leaned against the wall, covered her face with her hands, and groaned aloud.

"Come this way, my dear," said the fortune-teller, in her taunting one; "this fine lady wishes her fortune told in private, it seems. I hardly think it would do to proclaim it to the world yet. Stay in there."

(To be Continued.)

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